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DOES STATEN ISLAND NEED BOOSTING?

AMONG the 15,000 voters of Richmond a considerable number feel that the city is not making as much fuss as it ought to about their borough, and that, to use the words of George von Kromer, who stands always ready to save Staten Island, the Cromwell regime has, so far as substantial improvements go, brought the people of Richmond only a "beautiful crop of lemons."

Mr. von Kromer, patiently recurring candidate for the nomination for Borough President on the Democratic ticket, has just got 3,500 Richmond voters to sign his petition for "a square deal for Richmond Borough and a common sense administration for its people." Specifically, what he wants is more real ferries and a tunnel under the Narrows to connect Staten Island with the subway system of the city. The ambitions of Staten Islanders, according to Mr. von Kromer, have been lulled with vain delights and empty shows. "We have had given us a cake of beauty at St. George, now let us get the needed bread of prosperity throughout the entire borough."

Mr. von Kromer is calling no hard names. As he says, abuse is no argument. But he does speak it from the heart out when he holds that since Mr. Cromwell has proved to be nothing but "a suave intermediary between the political powers and our trusting selves," it is somebody's duty to save the Borough of Richmond from sinking to the ignominious position of "a non-growing locality within the second largest, richest and fastest-growing city in the world." And since somebody must do it, Mr. von Kromer will stick around in case the job should come looking for him.

This State has its troubles and a hard task ahead dealing with them, but it emphatically does not want the help of any heavy-footed, blood-and-thunder Boston financier who thinks he can inject money into the situation to "raise hell."

THE ESCAPE OF THAW.

COMING at a moment when the government at Albany is so demoralized that the simplest legal machinery is seriously out of gear, the escape from Matteawan of a dangerous man, whom the State has spent enormous sums to keep where he could do no harm, is bound to appear in some degree a result of the present confusion. That at least it was timed with a view to taking full advantage of current discord it is impossible not to believe.

Another aspect of the occurrence is, however, far more deplorable. The hundreds of thousands of dollars spent by Thaw to obtain his liberty through legal efforts have for years been notorious. That he has lavished money to buy freedom by other means no one can doubt. A grave shock to public confidence and self-respect is an event which seems to support the conclusion of cynics that in the long run wealth can outwit justice.

POOR MAN'S JUSTICE.

THE ten commissioners appointed to see what can be done toward making the Municipal Court a place where the poor man can get justice without the present discouraging delay and forbidding expense, invite suggestions on the subject.

As only too many small litigants have found to their sorrow, in this court, where despatch, convenience and cheapness ought to be most in evidence, methods are more cumbersome and fees more irksome than in higher courts, where corporations and millionaires settle their differences. The chief trouble seems to be that the Municipal Court set lays down a hard and fast scheme of elaborate procedure under which technicalities thrive and multiply until the court is choked with its own business. Far better results could be obtained from a brief general act defining merely the scope of the court's jurisdiction and encouraging it to develop out of its own experience rules that will best help it to get through its work.

The commissioners are sure to have plenty of advice from lawyers. In their efforts to improve a court which is now so far from being what it was meant to be—a people's court—can they not hope to find help also in practical experiences and common sense suggestions from the public?

Inspector Dwyer testifies that he doesn't know the names of any of the men in the squad that threw the diners out of Healy's, and counsel for the police holds that identification by shield numbers is illegal. So it was just a sort of "white cap" party with police badges instead of masks.

WHY NOT TRY IT?

ACHICAGO JUDGE with a turn for practical psychology refuses to sit any longer in his dark, dingy court room and insists that the walls shall be painted light cream color. Sombre, smoke-stained walls or rooms painted red, brown or black are incentives to crime, he declares. On the other hand white, cream, light yellow and green make for uplift, and unless something is done to brighten his judicial premises he threatens to hold court in the street.

The idea of color as an influence on mind and health is an old one. We recall that some years ago a German scientist persuaded dozens of staid Bostonians on Beacon Hill to put sky-blue window panes in their houses to cure themselves of something or other. If the theory is to be tested anew we can afford to try some experiments right here in New York. Who knows what pink-lined police stations and pea-green court rooms might do toward discouraging crime, or what bright rays of charity and goodwill might beam from the City Hall if we were to splash around a little yellow paint inside?

Could it have been recent shocks and explosions that jarred open the doors at Matteawan?

Letters From the People

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Take any two numbers, say 4 and 7. The sum of these is 11 and their product is 28. Make 11 the numerator and 28 the denominator of a fraction, and we have

11-28. If 11-28 of 4, the first number—11-28 as a first result, 11-28 of 7, the second number, 16-28; second result. The sum and product of these results are equal, their sum being 49-28, and their product 49-28. Can any reader explain why it is not CURIOUS.

Sulzer
Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).
By Robert Minor

The Jarr Family.



Roy L. McCordell.

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JARR, the porter, was outside, shining the brass door signs. Mr. Jarr glanced at his watch and heaved a sigh of relief. He was in good time!

The ordinary observer would have seen little connection between the office porter polishing the brass signs and Mr. Jarr, who was not late to his daily toil. But Mr. Jarr was experienced in the tense efficiency of commercial life in a great city.

Anybody around the office had authority to order the porter to shine the brass work, but there was only one person's command he obeyed. That person was the boss, and by the way the porter rubbed and scoured Mr. Jarr knew the boss was back from his vacation and was also inaugurating some business reforms.

Johnson, the cashier, looked like a scared rabbit and then made a wild scramble for the yawning safe. Jenkins, the bookkeeper, was already hard at work preparing statements and making the loose-leaf ledgers rattle. Mr. Jarr threw up his desk lid with a business-like bang and swept the ink over some sales slips, when suddenly he heard a buzzer sounding and a flat hammering in the boss's private office and his name being roared from behind the partition of the same lair. Mr. Jarr slipped into his office coat.

No Chance for Record.

Conquests of Constance

The Illustrators. By Alma Woodward

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"W E HAD one drama in three reels an' a splash in this here lobby this mornin'!" beamed Connie exuberantly. "It was a Eystalian near-count what's been stoppin' here for about a week. Jus' at th' breakfast hour this tubby little study in underlip whiskers comes dashin' out an' purple elevators, doin' a nervous schottische step an' grabbin' th' air every few jumps. Well, uv course, th' first thought everyone had was that his spaghetti had fermented on him or somethin'!"

"But he came right up to th' cashier's desk an' issues a little squeak like a fishman's horn with th' pip, and tries to convey to th' cashier (who, by th' way, is a beautifully curried an' calm young man) that he is frightfully put out about somethin'." Nobody'd have understood Eystalian to gather that th' gink was havin' a regular Roman spasm.

"Well, th' interpreter'd just been sent downtown for a batch uv Russian dignitaries what nobody else in th' place could pronounce. So they had to call a boot-black in off'n th' street to translate th' fellow's fit into pidgin English. What he was so unversed about was that he had lost his letter uv credit—an' him sellin' fer Canarsie in a couple uv hours made it kind uv necessary for him to have it. So they sent a squad up to his room-an'-bath an' they searched his trunk an' his bag an' lifted th' ruse. An' all th' time th' little macaroni teaser was playin' leapfrog over their backs an' utterin' bunches uv table d'hôte sous-words—an' still they didn't find it.

"Then th' head clerk he was jus' beginnin' to think that th' guy was puttin' one over on 'em when all uv a sudden one uv th' boys finds a whole lot uv long things what look like old-fashioned, twisted, paper spools fer lightin' a pipe in th' waste basket. An' on unrollin' 'em he discovers 'em to be shreds uv th' letter uv credit. What do yuh suppose th' Tony had used 'em fer? Curious for his spaghetti goatee! On yuh distance it?

Mr. Jarr's Boss Comes Back to Work Incidentally, So Does His Grouch

put a pen behind his ear and grabbed up a handful of invoices, as though to indicate that although his desk might have been closed when the boss came in, he might have been out in the shipping department.

"Ah, there you are, at last!" roared the boss, as Mr. Jarr glided in, calm, alert, business-like. "I guess this office must have had warning I was coming this mornin'. Everybody is here on time!"

"Yes, sir, I mean no, sir, not at all, sir!" "Do you know how our business compares with this time last year?" the boss went on. "Do you know where this firm is going to land unless there are some live methods inaugurated here? Do you know we can't keep up if business is neglected in this way. If sales fall off as they are falling?" "But they are 20 per cent. better than last year, sir," said Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, but that was one of the worst years we ever had. We need some system here. We need some guard against the leaks. We must have cost-and-efficiency reports! I tell you, sir, I'm going to have better business methods in this establishment!" The boss's face was purple with grouch, sunburn and (Mr. Jarr suspected) apt alcohol's artful aid.

"Yes, sir! There is going to be an upheaval in this firm!" the boss declared. "I return unexpected, and what do I find? What do I find, sir?" Mr. Jarr could have said the boss had found everybody on the job and ahead of time. He suspected that was what made the boss so mad, because there was so little he could vent his anger about.

"Oh, I know what you are going to say," thundered the boss. "You are going to say that the porter was ordered repeatedly to shine the brasses. Johnson has told me that; Jenkins has told me that, and the porter's excuse is that he is a poor man with a large family." "What right has he to have a large family? I haven't a large family. What we want here is more efficiency and less families. Why didn't somebody else shine those brasses? I started my business career shining the brass for this firm. And now the concern is going to ruin, sir, and just because the brasses ain't shined!" Mr. Jarr thought of the ink-stained papers on his desk, and hoped the boss would keep so angry he wouldn't ask to see them.

The Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).
62—"THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON," by Dr. Wyss and [Baroness de Montolieu.

NEAR the New Guinea coast an Australia-bound ship was wrecked. Her crew fled in the boats, deserting the passengers. These passengers—a Swiss clergyman, his wife and four sons—were left to shift for themselves.

The wrecked ship was stranded off an unknown island. And to this island the deserted family found their way on a roughly constructed raft. The ship had been headed for Australia, where the clergyman had intended to settle on a farm. So, aboard the ship they had farming implements and live stock. These they transported to the shore.

After thanking Providence devoutly for sparing their lives the refugees set about making their new abode habitable. They were familiar with "Robinson Crusoe" and, from comparing their lot with Crusoe's, they came to call themselves "The Swiss Family Robinson."

Their island was fruitful. The "Robinsons" explored it, finding no sign of human life. Then they prepared the ground for crops and set to work building a house. Timbers from the wreck helped greatly in the making of this home, and the father was fairly skilful as a carpenter. He not only built a habitable cottage, but knocked together a serviceable boat as well.

The boys trained their cow and a donkey to draw rude carts their father built and to plough the rich soil. There were plenty of game and seafood and vegetables and fruit. Industry and ingenuity combined to make the island blossom like the rose. Four years were passed there in happy work. The boys grew to strong young men. The invalid mother waxed well and robust. Europe and civilization were half forgotten.

Then one day the British man-of-war Adventure cast anchor off the island. The clergyman went aboard, carrying along the diary he had kept of the four years' happenings. Leaving the diary on board for the captain to read he returned to shore to help make ready for his family's departure for Europe on the following day. For the captain had offered to carry the castaways to England.

Then, all at once, the "Robinsons" realized how happy and peaceful had been their stay on their island. They were loath to leave so lovely a spot and to take up the burden of life again in the great noisy, wicked outer world. But they felt it was their duty and that their boys ought to have the benefits of civilization. Yet they all hated to go.

The matter was taken out of their hands. In the night a storm arose and drove the warship far from the island. Nor could she make her way back through those uncharted seas. Once more the Swiss Family Robinson were alone in their earthly paradise and cut off from the rest of mankind. They were not sorry.

Soon afterward their ideal life was rudely interrupted by a war party of savages from another island that swooped down on them and carried away the mother and her youngest son. The clergyman and the other boys gave chase and came at last to the home of the savages whose chief they persuaded to give back their loved ones.

The chief was partly civilized and had as guests a missionary and Annie Heriot, a young French widow, and the latter's two daughters, who had been shipwrecked near there. The French women returned with the "Robinsons" to their island, where not long afterward three happy marriages were celebrated; Miss Heriot marrying the clergyman's eldest son and her daughter, marrying two of the younger boys.

Meanwhile, the British ship had returned to England bearing the clergyman's diary. Another ship came to the island. But by this time the inhabitants had resolved to live and die there. So they refused to have so blaspheous a spot for the poverty and hardships that must have been theirs in the civilized world.

(Note.—Dr. Wyss, a professor of philosophy, wrote the first part of "The Swiss Family Robinson." After he had completed the tale, it was finished by the Baroness de Montolieu. The book at once sprang into fame and has remained a classic for nearly sixty years.)

The Day's Good Stories

Belittling the Job.
A FARMER in great need of extra hands of haying time finally asked Dr. Warren, who was accounted the town fool, if he would help him out.

"What'll ye pay?" asked Dr. Warren.

"I'll pay what you're worth," answered the farmer.

Dr. Warren laid his head a minute, then announced decisively:

"I'll be damned if I'll work for that!"—Everybody's Magazine.

She Had Competition.
THEY were talking about the conventional power of the fair sex at a reception in Washington a few weeks ago, when Augustus went on. "Do you know where this firm is going to land unless there are some live methods inaugurated here? Do you know we can't keep up if business is neglected in this way. If sales fall off as they are falling?"

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"I can't fire the porter because he has a large family. An employer is helpless these days. But I tell you what, sir, I am going to have a scientific efficiency engineer take charge of this office! A very remarkable man! He is Epictetus, sir! Not Epictetus but Epicturus!"

"Good!" said Mr. Jarr. "Will he be in full charge?"

"Certainly, sir!" said the boss. "And I expect him any minute!"

Mr. Jarr went outside and spread the alarm, and the office watched the door and marked time.

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